

I thoroughly enjoyed *He Calls Me Beloved*. The allegorical elements woven throughout the book pull you right into this personal story of God's transforming power and enable you to experience this beautiful journey for yourself. I recommend *He Calls Me Beloved* and know it will truly be a gift to its readers.

Joy Kirkpatrick
Psychotherapist

Pamela Marhad's book, *He Calls Me Beloved*, is an inspiring story about learning to hear God's voice and how he transformed her life and brought emotional healing. Pam is a talented writer, and many will be blessed by reading her testimony.

C. Stevens Schell
Senior Pastor
Northwest Church, Federal Way, WA

Pamela Marhad has taken a great and lovely risk by letting us in on her, and our, humanity. Veering between Psalm-like writings and straightforward journal entries, she allows us, and invites us, to face the difficulties of finitude and the struggle and joys of embracing God's accepting presence. Her questions for reflection and discussion at the end of the book are helpful for those who, moved by her story, will ask, "So where do I go from here?" This is a very helpful book.

Gary R. Sattler
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HE CALLS ME

Beloved

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Beloved

RESPONDING *to the* CALL *to* INTIMACY

PAMELA MARHAD



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To George—my husband, soul mate,
and dearest friend

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CHAPTER 1

The Invitation



THE INVITATION CAME, written by his own hand and addressed to me.

I held it, laughing at myself. Surely not! There's been some mistake. I shouldn't even consider it. I can just hear the voices: "What presumption! Imagine her daring to attend this event!"—and then the shame of being sent away.

But then again, perhaps if I stay in the shadows, I won't be discovered and made to leave.

It would be enough, and worth the risk of discovery, just to be with the beautiful ones, to hear their joy and see their love. Perhaps I would even have a quick glimpse of him—it would be enough.

Full of misgivings, I decided to go.

I dressed in white, as the invitation had requested, and made my way to the Great Hall.

The large doors stood open, and golden light poured out into the darkness of the night. I searched, but finding no other entrance, I stepped cautiously into the room, looking for a shadowed place to hide. Imagine my panic when, finding no shadows, I stood exposed in that golden light.

I kept my head down, waiting for the voices: "Imposter! Uninvited guest! Cast her out!" I waited...

When I dared at last to lift my eyes and face my accusers, I saw him across the room. Every face but his was hidden by the light. He was smiling in my direction, so I quickly stepped aside to make room for the object of his welcome. But glancing behind me, I saw only the open door and the darkness.

Confused and embarrassed, I looked once more at him, waiting for the recognition, the disappointment, to appear on his face. But his smile held me—me!

“There’s been a mistake,” I stammered. Yet he walked toward me. I could see myself reflected in his eyes. I looked at him, searching his face. So afraid to believe what I saw there.

Then he stood before me, holding out his hand. “At last you have come, beloved.”



This love story began many years ago with an invitation from Jesus to a young woman who had come to the conclusion that she was unlovable. It is a story of patient, passionate pursuit of His beloved by Love Himself.

This is my story, because mine is the only story I can truly tell. But my hope is that where our stories are similar, you will be drawn in a fresh way to the One who invites you to come a little closer and hear Him call you His “beloved.”

My love story with Jesus is written in the form of conversations I have had with Him as He has taught me what it means to be His beloved. I have had to learn, as well as unlearn, many things along the way. Much of what He has spoken to me I still struggle to receive and live out in my life. Sometimes I get discouraged, seeing how little progress I have made in understanding what it means to be God’s beloved. But then I am reminded that in the light of eternity, the adventure of transformation has just begun!

When I started writing down my conversations with God, I had no intention of others ever seeing them. I knew the exception might be family members, who would one distant day come across them as they

sorted through the accumulated stuff of my lifetime. But that would be when I was no longer around to care what they might think of me.

Had I known that God would one day ask me to expose the ups and downs of my soul's clumsy journey, I'm sure I would have practiced more silent, rather than written, prayer. But one morning I heard the Lord say to me, "You have been taking good notes for quite a long while. Now it's time to put them in an useable form."

So began the process of sorting through and putting in order portions of what I had written down from my conversations with God. As I worked on this project, the idea was planted and began to grow that God had led me to write down His words of comfort and counsel because they weren't meant for me alone. There were others who would also be encouraged by them.

Perhaps you are one of those. If so, I hope you will step right into this story and hear God call *you* His beloved. For your story and my story are best lived out in the context of His extraordinary love for us. Knowing we are God's beloved gives us a solid and true beginning for our stories, steadies and guides us through each page and chapter that follows, and then guarantees us the very happiest of ever afters.

ENTER IN ...

I have loved you with an everlasting love; I have drawn you
with loving-kindness.

—Jeremiah 31:3

Pause a moment and read this verse to yourself, inserting your name after the word "you." It suddenly becomes personal and immediate, doesn't it? In this moment, the King of Love is drawing you to Himself.